The Spirit Of The Age.

Freedom of Inquiry, and the Power of the People.

BY C. G. EASTMAN. WOODSTOCK, VERMONT, FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 30, 1841. VOL. I. NO. 52.

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From the London Court Gazette.

AN ADVENTURE OF CHARLES II.

THERE is not in the British Indies a fairer valley than the Vale of Dolgelly, or one that combines sweetness and magnificence in such perfect and varied beauty. But, when the storm sweeps from the hills, and to the darkness of night is added the gloomy shadow of the mountain—when every stream becomes a torrent, and mingles its roar with the howls of the blast; when the vapory clouds hang in blackness, and shroud not only the stars, but the twinkling cottage light, there are few places which create such feelings of dreariness and desolation.

It was even in such a night that a single horseman urged his strong black steed along the rough pathway that formed the mountain pass—now clattering upon the smooth worn rock—now snorting and plunging up to the saddle girth in the splashing stream; again, aided and urged by hand and spur, toiling up the rugged bank, and then bounding forward with unabated vigor over the broken heath, in the direction of a more level country that stretched to the plains of Shropshire.

'What, ho! sir stranger!' cried a deep toned voice, as the stout steed extricating himself by a violent effort from a swamp, was again moving forward.

'What, ho! sir stranger, whither so fast?' repeated the voice, as three men well mounted issued from the shadow of some scattered trees, and joined the traveller, who at the second challenge reined up his steed, and laid his hand upon his holster.

'Who be ye that inquire?' he demanded. 'I have small time or pleasure to answer such greetings that bode me hindrance.''

The party whom he addressed gave a loud laugh. 'By Becket's bones, fair sir, ye speak as though it were a matter of thine own choice to answer us or no.'

'Ay, marry, and so it is. Nay, friend, handle not my bridle,' said the horseman, drawing a pistol from his saddle.

'Hold, hold!' cried the other speaker, 'an ye be wise, trifle not with such trinkets as these. Put up thy pistol, and thou shalt know thy company.'

'Nay, by Heaven, it were more fitting that I knew my company ere I parted with my weapons. Trust me, I have a right good will to use them, were it but to repay thee for thy suspicions.'

'By my faith, I doubt it not, for thou seemest a cock of game. But thou art in better company than thou couldst have bargained for. Here at my side the worthy and worshipful Obadiah Strong-in-faith, captain of certain pious dragoons in the service of the State; and to his left, is the devout Zacharius Trust-in-good-works, an officer in the same troop, marvellous and edifying dispatants, as thou may'st have an opportunity of hearing. For myself, I am known by the carnal name of Richard Scampgrace, and am also an officer in the army of the Parliament. Now, who or what art thou, in the devil's name?'

'A soldier of fortune, and an adherent to the king.

'A long hair cavalier—be it so, and whither art thou bound?'

'To the castle of Sir David Tudor.'

'That thou can'st not reach to night: you have many a long mile to ride, and your steed pants and moves but dully. What say ye to passing the night at yonder hostlery, where ye see the light?'

The other paused ere he replied; and as he hesitated, one of his companions wheeled to the left, a movement that passed not unobserved by the cavalier, and with somewhat sorry grace, he declared his willingness to visit the hostlery.

'By our lady! comrades of mine,' said he, 'ye have brought me into a fortalice instead of a hostlery.'

'It is, in truth, somewhat of both, and as occasion requires, serves for either; but that little recketh, thou shalt find good entertainments, and thy steed shall be cared for.'

It was now too late to retreat, and the cavalier dismounting, and giving his horse to the groom, entered the building, followed by his companions.—He had no sooner seated himself than Scampgrace again addressed him. 'Sir Cavalier, you must give us up your papers and arms, and when Major Holdenburg returns, and is satisfied with thee and thine errand, in the morning thou may'st depart without further questions.'

'By St. George of England!' said the cavalier, starting to his feet, 'this is churlish courtesy. You have invited me hither, and now—'

'Small words will suffice,' replied the other.—'We have orders to guard the mountain passes, and to arrest all suspicious persons. So give up thy papers and weapons at once, and save us the trouble of taking them by rougher means.'

The eyes of the cavalier flashed with anger at the cool determined manner of the roundhead, and he seemed as if disposed forcibly to effect his retreat; but a moment's recollection showed him the madness of such an attempt, and unbuckling his belt, he flung his sword on the table, threw down his pistols, and declaring he had no papers to submit, gloomily resumed his seat.

There was something in the air of the youth that repelled closer communication with his captors, and made them reluctant—they knew not why—to come to extremities; they forebore, therefore, to search or lay hands on him, but in a more respectful tone invited him to partake of the cheer which had just been laid on the board.

'Ah!' cried Scapegrace, 'here comes the daughter of our host, fair Ellen Wynne, and I warrant for no other object than to see the young cavalier; for well I wot, Ellen, thou comest but rarely amongst us.'

She blushed at the words, and the cavalier dashing his heavy locks from his brow, gazed with admiration on the maiden before him. Long tresses of auburn fell in silken luxuriance over her tight boddice—her hazel eyes brightened with her smile, the lurking sweetness of which played around her lips, that, parting, showed teeth of pearly whiteness—her light and graceful figure—the fawn-like timidity of her approach, and the look of interest which she gave the young stranger, might have aroused the attention of a more apathetic gallant than he.

'By mine honor, comrade,' cried he, 'you spoke well in saying that the daughter of our host was fair. Wilt thou pledge me, pretty maiden?—for on a soldier's word, I have never had such a cupbearer before.'

The maiden touched the goblet with her lips, and the youth, raising it in his hand, exclaimed—'I drink to thee, fair Ellen, and good, loyal, and true may he be who kneels at the altar with such a bride.' Then, draining the cup, he threw it down. 'Thou wilt not refuse a knightly boon or courtesy,' added he, rising from his seat and drawing a sparkling ring from his finger, which he placed on that of the blushing girl—and then with the customary gallantry of the times, drew her towards him and kissed her cheek. But he had whispered something in Ellen's ear that drove the blood from her face and she stood as if petrified.

The din of revelry was over in the hostlery, the soldiers slumbered on the benches, and the prisoner sat alone in the narrow chamber in which his humble pallet had been spread. The dull tread of the guard, the howl of the blast, and the roar of the mountain torrent fell cheerless on his ear—the sickly flame of the lamp seemed like the wailing of hope, and the loneliness of the hour added melancholy to his musings.

'Fool that I was,' he exclaimed, 'to have left the open heath for this paltry prison house, where I am at the mercy of my deadliest enemies. Would to God I had my good steed under me and the sword in my grasp, these prick-eared dogs would hardly again wile me into their lure. Fool! fool! that I was,' he repeated, as chafing like a prisoned tiger, he hurriedly paced the apartment. A light step was heard approaching, the cavalier suddenly paused, immediately the door of his apartment was cautiously opened, and Ellen Wynne, pale and agitated, and bearing a small lamp, glided noiselessly to his side. Her long hair hung dishevelled over her heaving bosom, her eyes were glistening with tears, and her hand trembled as she placed the lamp upon the hearth.

'My fair Ellen,' cried the cavalier, a flash of joy brightening his features, 'I knew thou would'st not betray me.'

'Betray thee!' cried the maiden, clasping her hands, 'never! never! but alas! to aid thee exceeds my power.'

'Say not so,' replied the cavalier, 'the eyes my pretty Ellen, that can break hearts, can undo iron bars. Is there no soldier of the guard that calls himself the lover of Ellen Wynne?'

'Alas!' said Ellen in a tone of despondency, 'he is far from here, and it would go hard with him if he fell into the troops of Cromwell. But I have sent a messenger to him, and were you once beyond these walls you would find Edgar Vaughan and a true and trusty escort.'

'I shall have small need of his services if I escape not ere Major Holdenburgh arrives to whom I cannot be unknown. S'death, Ellen, couldst thou but procure me a brand, I would even—'

Here a suppressed scream from the maiden caused the Cavalier to pause, and turning to the door, he perceived the dark look of the soldier, who at supper had so closely watched him, fixed scowling and steady upon the maiden and himself. At that instant the sound of advancing horsemen was heard. 'They come! they come!' cried Ellen in terror, grasping with both hands the arm of the Cavalier. Then turning to the soldier, 'Ralph, Ralph!' she cried in an imploring tone, 'would you betray the, your King?'

'Ha!' cried the soldier, in a voice of exultation, 'it is even as I thought.' But as he spoke, the royal prisoner sprung suddenly upon him, wresting his dagger from his hand, and held it gleaming before his eyes exclaiming, 'one word, miscreant and thou diest!'

'The King! the King!' shouted the struggling soldier, extricating his arm and drawing a pistol from his belt; but his active antagonist on the instant stuck his dagger in his throat, and hurled him down the narrow staircase.

'The King! the King!' echoed again the horsemen without, as the clashing of arms was followed by the ring of a peal of musketry, and ere its tingle left the ear, a loud voice was heard to cry—'Surrender to the soldiers of King Charles!'

'Tis he!' cried Ellen, starting up with sudden animation from the drooping into which she had shrunk with terror, 'tis Edgar!'

'Surrender dogs of Cromwell,' shouted the same voice, as the pike-butts of the horsemen thundered at the door.

It was soon burst open. Startled, weakened, and dispirited, the assailed offered but feeble resistance, and yielded themselves prisoners to the adherents of the King. But they sought not thus to profit by the surrender. Rushing in, Edgar Vaughan caught Ellen in his arms; then recognizing the King, doffing his bonnet and bending his knee, he exclaimed, 'Mount, mount, my liege! the passes are beset, and the beacons are burning on the hills of Shropshire and Montgomery.'

It was no time for parly. A stout steed was ready at the door—and young Edgar, hurriedly whispered to Ellen, once more embraced her, and then led the way for his Royal Master.

'Good betide thee, fair Ellen,' cried the King, 'and God speed the day that brings me power to requite thy kindness.' Then springing to the saddle, the horse hoofs of the little party clattered for an instant on the distant heath.

Ten summers had smiled on the mountain valley of Merioneth, and where had stood the humble hostlery was reared a barronial hall. It has long since passed away, and there remains not even a ruin to tell where it stood; but its founder and his fair dame are not forgotten, and many a proud family can boast descent from Sir Edgar Vaughan and Ellen Wynne.

BELA BADGER AND JOHN TYLER.

John Tyler, the acting President of the United States, has commenced carrying out the Harrisonian principle of making no removals on political grounds, by ejecting from the Naval office in Philadelphia, as pure and just a man as breathes, and appointed in his place Bela Badger, as base and corrupt a being as can be found in that city. He is worse even than Glentworth, for he has not only pursued the same system of robbery, the same outrageous system of *planting* voters, but he is an older and more expert hand at the business than Glentworth himself. The Governor of this State, who knows more about "pipe laying" and "spinning yarn" than he would like to have made public, could not stem the current that was setting against him in regard to Glentworth's appointment to office—he was forced to remove him—but BADGER, a great scamp, is appointed to a very responsible and lucrative office, not by a State but by the General government, by John Tyler himself! Does the President know what he is doing? Is he ready to brave the rising indignation of an insulted people? Does he court their imprecations? It would so appear, for he could not have selected a man who would have created such a general feeling of sorrow, shame and disgust as this same Badger. And to what and where is this to lead? Is it the first of a series of similar appointments—is Glentworth also to be quartered upon us in an official capacity? Heaven prevent it, though it would be no worse—not so bad as this appointment of Badger's. Yes, there is a chance for Glentworth, for Webb, and for King; and if Mitchell had not absquatulated so early, he would have received an important appointment from the present administration. Let TYLER go on as he has commenced—let him fill responsible offices with such men as the above named, and we assure him a faithful observance of the day appointed for humiliation and prayer.—Federalism is indeed triumphant. We need not ask into what hands the National Government is fallen—acts consummated, deeds already committed, answer the question most emphatically.

New Era.

From the Washington Globe.

THE POLITICAL FRIENDS OF GEN. HARRISON SACRIFICING HIS REPUTATION.

WHILE those who have profited most by Gen. Harrison's popularity are making the greatest ostentation of grief for effect at this moment, they are nevertheless seeking to throw on him the odium of their own acts, which would blast his future fame. We learn from undoubted sources, although not from the individual concerned, that, after the accession of Mr Tyler to the Presidency, persons have been sent for by the Secretary, and told that their removal had been ordered by the late President; and, without pretending any offence or failure in duty, or other ground of proscription, they were forthwith dismissed. This course of carrying back proscriptions, is doubtless intended to make the impression that the victims of the present hour suffer under the direction of the deceased President. In this way, every man who is struck down, and every ruined family, are made to feel that their wretchedness is a legacy from one toward whom all political unkindness relented when the cold vault closed upon him and his earthly honors.

We understand, from unquestionable sources of information, that Gen. Harrison was utterly opposed to the whole system of proscription. We published, yesterday, Mr Preston's announcements in the Senate, which were unquestionably made with Gen. Harrison's privity and consent, after his arrival in Washington, for the purpose of preparing his political friends for an acquiescence in his carrying out the solemn pledges he had made on the subject pending the canvass. But the moment his Cabinet were installed, they contrived to defeat his determination. We learn that his Cabinet assumed a right to decide upon a subject in regard to which they had only a right to advise; and that by a majority of *four* to *two*, they voted down the will of the President in regard to a subject which involves the livelihood of so many thousands who have no skill or means to support their families except by the employments which they have devoted the prime of life to learn. The fate of all these people, (if we are to credit this statement, which we have had from a source not likely to be mistaken, and which is confirmed by a multitude of circumstances which puts the fact beyond question,) has been put at the mercy of a Cabinet, by its own decision; and the well known intentions of the President, who is alone responsible to the people, and all his pledges to them, are set at nought.—Against this course, we have reason to believe, both Mr Bell and Mr Badger set their faces. It is just to them that the fact should be known to the country.

We proceed to recapitulate the facts which prove that *some mode* was adopted by Gen. Harrison's principal functionaries to supersede his authority in regard to removals and appointments. If it were not done upon the British plan to which we have alluded, and which makes the Council Board of Ministers supreme over the Chief Magistrate, it will be incumbent on the Webster Cabinet to explain the cases to which we refer otherwise and consistently with the honor of the late President.

It is known, and can be proved beyond doubt, that President Harrison gave positive assurance to several that they should not be removed, and yet they were removed almost simultaneously with the President's promise to the contrary. This was the case of Mr Livingston of New York. The same mail, we believe, which carried him the assurance, obtained from the Chief, that he would not be removed, carried a letter of dismission from the Minister. So, we understand, Gen. Harrison assured Col. Johnson that his nephew, Mr Ward, should not be removed as Solicitor of the Land Office.—He had been appointed subsequently to the Presidential election, on the elevation of Mr McRoberts, his predecessor, to the Senate; and, therefore, could not be suspected even of having used any official influence against the late President. He was, moreover, a man of great moderation in politics, and had never offended the prejudices of his opponents by any vehemence. We are told that the President took occasion, when Col. Johnson dined with him, to advert to this estimable young officer as the son of his friend and comrade, Col. Ward—one of the bravest and best of the Kentuckians—to put his guest, who fought the battle of the Thames, at ease about the fate of his nephew. He told him he should not be removed; and yet he was removed immediately; and what makes it the more remarkable, is the fact that Mr Crittenden was consulted about Mr Ward's accepting the appointment, when tendered by Mr Van Buren. As it was known that Mr Crittenden was to be one of Gen. Harrison's Cabinet, it was thought well to let him know that the appointment would not be accepted, if he supposed the appointee would not be agreeable to the new Administration. Mr Crittenden, we are informed, advised the acceptance of the place; and yet neither the countenance of a member of the Cabinet, nor the word of the President, could save the officer, who came within none of the pretexts for the proscription as declared in the Cabinet circular. There is a multitude of similar cases, which show that the President was overruled in his determination in regard to particular instances; but the testimony is still more direct that he was overruled against his own decided convictions of propriety in regard to the general principle, and against all his feelings and wishes.

To almost every person he talked with, he expressed his repugnance to the proscription as it progressed. To two highly respectable gentlemen of this city—who happened to go to him at the moment when the wife of an expelled clerk was making representations of the distress in which herself and children were involved by the deprivation—he expressed his unqualified abhorrence of the system which was carried on in his name. It is adverted to in detail by a correspondent, who has had opportunity to ascertain many facts in relation to the afflicting circumstances that harrassed the close of Gen. Harrison's life, and hastened his death.

The scene of his death-bed, however, showed, in the most affecting manner, the state of his feelings in regard to the matter, that had engrossed them from the moment he had entered office. From persons who nursed and watched him, it is known that whenever his mind began to wander, he gave utterance to the secret thoughts that oppressed him; and he continually recurred to the distressing scenes he had passed through. Sometimes he would say, "*My dear madam, I did not direct that your husband should be turned out. I did not know it. I tried to prevent it.*" On other occasions he would say, in broken sentences: "*It is wrong—I won't consent—'tis unjust.*" Again: "*These applications, will they never cease?*" From different, and unquestionable sources, we are informed that the malady of his heart, which broke out into expression in his partial delirium, or when his mind was abstracted in a sort of slumber, half-awakened by his anguish, constantly manifested itself by uttering some snatches of sentences like those we have quoted. And we have little doubt that the last words, which were written down, and have been given to the public, were, like those which preceded them, the transcript of the thoughts which oppressed him when the fever seized him. "*I wish you to understand the true principles of the Government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more.*" How naturally would this have been addressed to Mr Webster, when pressing for proscriptions without cause—to one who, just before the election, had declared that he understood the Constitution differently from Mr Madison—to one who said that the President had no constitutional power to remove at pleasure, and without delinquency on the part of the officer. How aptly (the fancy supposing an altercation on this all-engrossing topic with the sufferer) would this appeal have been to Mr Webster, and his '*constitutional' understanding*, upon the subject of removals?—"*Sir, I would have you understand the Constitution and carry it out.*" The bodily pangs brought back and forced into expression, the thoughts that tortured the mind. The kind hearted victim of a cruel cabinet policy rebuked, in the unconscious accents of his falling organs, (physical and mental,) the vindictive spirits who stood around him. They now load his memory with the odium of their own acts, and would convert the almost miraculous condemnation, wrung from his lips by the torture they inflicted, into a sanction of their tyrannical conduct.

From the Washington Globe.

CAUSES OF GEN. HARRISON'S UNEXPECTED DEATH.

WHEN, during the last Presidential canvass, it was declared, from personal knowledge, that Gen. Harrison's age and infirmities rendered him utterly incompetent for the endurance of the labor and fatigue incident to the office, if elected, it is a remarkable fact that the very men who, in by-gone days, were foremost in striking from the list of candidates the name of William H. Crawford, on account of physical inability, were the first to denounce those who would question Gen. Harrison's ability for four years service, as the enemies of the country. Events have proved the truth of all which was asserted—nay, more; one short month has terminated his career, and Death has dashed from his lips the cup containing the precious draught, when it was scarcely tasted.

But is it improper to inquire into the causes which led to such a result? I think not. Justice to the dead, and justice to the living, demands it; and while I will "nothing extenuate, or set down aught in malice," I will, so far as I am able, fearlessly and faithfully, endeavor to assign them.

All now that General Harrison was aged (in his 68th year) and consequently infirm; indeed his constitution was more impaired than many of his age. Instead of remaining at home during the canvass last summer and fall, and permitting his friends to electioneer for him—all who know any thing of the campaign know that he was drawn out by his partisans—out in the woods—here—there—every where—engaged in haranguing large multitudes to advance and secure his election, by proving to the people that he was physically competent to the office. How immense was the labor! how extensive the correspondence, and how great the anxiety of mind, attending his situation at that time, few in all probability know. But, the election over, one would suppose that the General would have been permitted to set himself down in peace, and say, "the battle is won; the victory achieved; I have only to rest." But it was not so. I have heard, and believe it, that previous to his departure for Washington, he had received bushels of letters, and he was absolutely run down by visitors from every part of the Union in quest of office.

On the road eastward, at every point he was assailed by office beggars. Those who had denounced the Van Buren men as spoilsmen, and proclaimed themselves as acting only from motives of the most disinterested patriotism and love of country, met him at every stopping place, and some accompanied him for miles on the road, while their demands for compensation for the services they had rendered were incessant. So completely worn out was the President, that at Baltimore he had to shake hands by proxy.

He came to Washington, marched on foot, through the snow and rain of one of the most disagreeable days of last winter, to the City Hall, where he was harangued by the Mayor, and delivered an address in reply, and was then taken to his lodgings—but not to rest. There was no rest for him. The privicy of his own rooms could not shelter him from the cry of "Give!" "Give!" "Give!" Can this be denied by any one who was acquainted with what transpired during the few days after the President reached the city?

He went to Virginia, to visit the home of his childhood, and the scenes of early life; but we are told that on his way thither, whilst there, and on the road back, his mind was kept almost constantly on the stretch by applicants to consider claims for office. The few days that intervened before the inauguration he had to suffer the infliction of the importunities of the office begging members of Congress, who had the knowledge of, and access to, his whereabouts.

The day of Inauguration came. The old President was mounted on horseback, and instead of proceeding directly to the Capitol, was marched by a circuitous route of nearly two miles through an atmosphere of dust. To use the language of one of his political friends, when he arrived there, "his dress was as white as a miller's, and he was so faint that alcohol and other appliances were required to bathe his head and temples." After speaking bareheaded in the open air for an hour and a half with a "trumpet-toned voice," as was said by a paper in this city, to the immense multitude present, he was again placed on horseback, and rode to the White House; but when he arrived there was he permitted to retire for rest and refreshment after the immense exertions of the day? Nay, he had to stand until the vast assemblage could be individually introduced to him. I have heard and believe, that as the visiters came to offer their hands, professedly in congratulation, it was, "Here, General, here are my letters," and "Here, General, here are mine!" On one occasion he was so besieged that the Marshal of the District was called upon to relieve him. The Marshal went through the throng, which continued to crowd the apartments of the President's House, public and private, for several days after the inauguration, and expostulated with them; but all his efforts to induce the office claimants to leave, by urging the great press of public affairs on the President, was in vain. Before attempting compulsory measures, this efficient public officer suggested to the President the experiment of appealing to their feelings, in a short address. He did so; but they still persisted in pressing their demands upon him, although as he said, in no condition to attend to them at the moment. They came forward with their papers until his pockets were filled, his hat filled, and his arms filled. The Marshal was loaded in the same way, and still the crowd was reluctant to retire.

From the day of his inauguration until the day of his death, the avenues to his house were thronged, the house itself was crowded, as were the public offices. Demands the made peremptory were made for the expulsion of the incumbents in office, and the granting of situations. By day and by night that old man was beset: when he walked out—in his office—at meal times—so that, to use an expression of his own to a gentleman, "Sir, I have hardly time to eat." Once or twice, it is said, he went to one of the public offices, and requested a messenger to show him to a private room, to retire from the multitude of office seekers who pressed upon him.

Several respectable citizens, and several ministers of the Gospel who happened to be in the city, called at the President's House, for the purpose of paying their respects. They found it—part of the private portion of it too—crowded with so many persons, that they at first declined proceeding; but when pressed by a friend to go up and see the President, he (the President) frankly told them "Gentlemen, there never was a poor devil harassed as I am on earth; you must excuse me; good morning; I must go;" and off he did go, before they had time to say "how are you?" much less "good bye;" and before they reached the front door, he was a considerable distance on his way to the Treasury Department. A gentlemen at the door, seeing the condition of the President, and the crowd in the house, significantly remarked, "Well, I will agree to die, if it is not time to pull the latch string into the door of this log cabin."

At another time, two respectable gentlemen of this city called and found the President in the passage leading to the saloon. He asked them in to the fire, and with a frankness that surprised them said: "Gentlemen, I have been almost run down; I cannot stand it: this turning out of worthy men I never will consent to. Only just now, a beautiful, young looking woman called on me, and said, 'My husband is turned out of employment, and we are actually here in this expensive city having nothing to eat.' My dear sirs," continued the President, "it almost kills me; I can hardly stand it: the unworthy will not go out, and the worthy shall not be turned out." Now, this is a fact that can be established upon good authority.

The immediate cause which worked up his feverish excitement into a paroxysm, was a chill produced by being caught in a light rain, being so closely beset as to be detained on his way home after a walk. But when ill, letter after letter came, bearing from this one and the other applications for office. Some of them were left in the hands of friends in this city, and never delivered. Day by day, during President Harrison's illness, men were turned out of office. Some who had been expelled before his illness, appealed to him; he assured them that he knew nothing of it, though it was affirmed that he did it. And, but a brief space before his death, several were dismissed from their employments.

Thus excited by continued applications, many of them of a conflicting character, and the mortifying reflection that although he had denounced proscription, he was forced by those around him to do what he never intended, when dozing, his mind was continually running on the distress inflicted on the many helpless families within hail of his own dwelling; and yet proscription was still pressed upon him! Who that has ever saw a man laboring in the last stage of inflammation affecting all his vitals—the state in which the President died—does not know that when a *subsultus tendinum* comes on, and the muttering delirium, as was the case with the President, often interrupted by broken expressions—whilst the patient is pinching and pulling the bedclothes—the mind is ever and anon recurring to and dwelling on whatever was pressing on it and producing anxiety during health. This was the case with President Harrison. Hundreds of individuals had been here from the first of March demanding the places of others, whose proscription they insisted on. Their letters, their personal applications were forced on the President, and their claims were pressed by the Cabinet. At last, the President is told that if his political friends are not rewarded, his forces will be disbanded, and at the called session of Congress he will find himself in the minority. The work of excision is pressed on. The President is ill, absent from his family, without the kind attentions of the wife of his bosom, most of his children and grandchildren are distant. He beheld the friends who had accompanied him to Washington around him, but without the power to resist the torrent and relieve his feelings. He hears only of his cabinet, to know that they are paying off their political friends, by depriving whole families of the means of subsistence. The Preachers of the Gospel, the members of Christian Churches, the meek quiet citizens, who came here to get offices, and who staid here until they got them—some of them just on the eve of the President's death—had received their pay; but where are those lovely women and children who have no bread? In this state, laboring under a delirium, the last efforts of his distracted mind were turned towards the victims of the cruel policy of his cabinet, and expressions constantly escaped him depreciating the cruelties which he had endeavored in vain to arrest.

It was in this way President Harrison died, and who will say he was not persecuted to death?

A LOOKER ON.

SOUTHERN DEMOCRACY.

We extract from the Charleston Mercury the resolutions adopted at a meeting of citizens of St. John's Colleton, held at Rockville. They embody the principles of the democratic party upon the relative measures, and show the enlightened views of government entertained by our southern Democratic brethren:

"*Resolved*, That Congress is not constitutionally empowered to charter a National Bank.

Resolved, That the creation of such a corporation would be incompatible with the rights of the States, the liberties of the people, and the well being of our institutions.

Resolved, That the Independent Treasury law is a wise, constitutional and expedient measure, as beneficial to the Union as it is promotive of the true interests of the States.

Resolved, That as the public domain is held in trust for the States in their federal capacity, to divide the proceeds of the sales thereof among the States would be a violation of the trust, and unwarrantable by the Constitution.

Resolved, That the proposed scheme of distribution is, in effect, an assumption of the debts of the States, of corrupting their citizens, and rendering the members of the Confederacy dependent on the bounty of the central authority.

Resolved, That in the adjustment of the Tariff, the ad valorem principle ought to be upheld, and the duties reduced as low as is compatible with the expenditures of an economical government, performing its obviously constitutional functions.

Resolved, That as there is no difference in practice between an export and import duty, a tax on Wines and Silks would be a tax on the Cotton, Rice and Tobacco of the South.

Resolved, That the Chairman of this meeting do forward a copy of the foregoing Resolutions to the Hon. William C. Preston, accompanied by a request, that he would as early as possible signify by letter, whether, at the approaching Extra Session of Congress, or at the regular Session in December next, should the question not be finally determined at the first meeting, he intends to vote for the charter of a Bank of the United States.

Resolved, That should Senator Preston's reply be in the affirmative, it shall be the duty of the Chairman to summon without delay a public meeting of the citizens of this Parish, at Rockville, that such measures may be adopted as the exigency of the crisis will then demand."

From the Washington Globe.

"PROSCRIPTION PROSCRIBED."

Senator Preston.

One of the federal journals of this city puts forth the following notice, side by side, in adjoining columns, with the President's proclamation calling Congress. We take it therefore, as a *quasi* proclamation, to summon the spoil hunters into the electioneering arena, to assist the objects of the principal, by bringing a suitable Congress together.

"A WORD TO APPLICANTS FOR OFFICE."

"We have noticed, within the last week, and more within two or three days, no small dissatisfaction, that so little is done by the President and Cabinet in deciding upon new appointments. We take upon us to say—wait with patience. It is too soon to suspect, now that General Harrison and his advisers are fairly in their seats, that they have forgotten the history that put them there. We assure all whom it may concern, there is no reason for it. Can it for a moment be supposed that the President would consent *to put in peril that vast organization that has raised him to power and saved the country?* Far from it. * * *

We sympathize sincerely in that universal public distress brought upon the country by misrule, *which has made it convenient and desirable for many more to enjoy even the slenderest pittance of Executive patronage, than can be accommodated.* * * * * * * *

We believe as a matter of common justice, that they who have fought long and hard, at a great sacrifice to redeem the country, now that it is redeemed, are *fairly entitled first to be considered in the bestowment of office, other things being equal, and that they who while in office, evinced a desire by their efforts to maintain that ruinous and destructive regime, and used their influence to that end, are so far from having the slightest claim to be confirmed in their places, that it would be manifest injustice for those who have suffered so long and so much to be excluded to accommodate or gratify them.*

Here, we think, is a distinction that must be drawn, *a rule which must prevail if the country is to be saved from a total disbanding of parties, and an entire organization.*"—*Madisonian.*

There are several striking confessions in this, which confirm the remark of a Roman Consul about the difference in candidates "*before and after an election.*"

1. It is confessed that "*the vast organization that has raised him* (the President) *to power,*" was altogether dependent upon "*the spoils principle.*"

2. It is confessed that many more were taught to expect "*convenient and desirable*" relief from the spoils than "*can be accommodated with the slenderest pittances of Executive patronage.*

3. That it "*would be manifest injustice to those who have suffered so long and so much, to be excluded to accommodate or gratify them*"—that is, those who were solemnly told before election that they should not be touched for opinion's sake to make room for the party that denounced spoils-hunting as the curse and ruin of the Government.

4. In face of the vow of the new President at Fredericksburg, that he would be the President of the nation, and not of a party, it is proclaimed that "*a distinction must be made—a rule, which must prevail, if the country is to be saved from a total disbanding of parties, and an entire reorganization.*"

5. And finally the public is informed that "a transfer of patronage follows a change of administration as regularly as night the day;" that no man could be made President, except on that condition; and that "IT IS A PART OF THE COMPACT" in the present case.

What a comment this, upon the cry of proscription against the late Democratic Administrations, which neither in Congress, nor in the Executive offices, during the twelve years, brought the party in the majority to an equality with that of the minority, as regards the number of offices held by each

From the Buffalo Republican.

UNITED STATES BANK.

The annexed letter copied from the N. Y. American, gives the result of the proceedings of the stockholders' meeting of the 8th inst. The report to which reference is made, is published at length in the city papers. It discloses more iniquitous transactions than we had thought possible. Every man connected with the bank seems to have thought its funds fair plunder, and acted accordingly. From the president down to the clerks, all speculated, drew out money to the tune of hundreds of thousands of dollars, and then balanced the account by the assignment to the Bank of Texas bonds and stocks of less value. The amount of stocks and loans taken by the Bank during the last four years in the settlement of debts, is more than *thirty-one millions* of dollars. What institution could stand under such a load? Six of the old Board of Directors have very properly resigned, and the others will very probably follow their example.

The above is from the administration organ in this city. Could a more perfect confession be framed than is here made, of the truth of the charges made against this most corrupt and rotten concern, by the Republican party for the last 12 years?

And who is this president, that is here mentioned as one of the freebooters? It is NICHOLAS BIDDLE, who has been trumpeted forth by the federal press as the greatest financier of the age.—The man who was at one time to be Chancellor of the Exchequer under the present dynasty. Yet the report made at the recent meeting of the stockholders, show him guilty of little less than felony. This man has been the master spirit, who has for twenty years guided the movements of this "*regulator*" of the currency. And it was for opposing his wicked schemes that President Jackson was denounced as a tyrant—charged with tampering with the currency and crippling the resources of the nation.

JUSTICE.